Kill To Be Next To....

To say I am an intense appreciator (this word would be better spelled with an -er suffix, Oxford, making it truly gender neutral) of art is not a statement lacking in evidence.

If totaled, the amount of work effort to dollar ratio spent in my near half-century (closer to fifty than forty) of lifetime results in more remitted for physical copies of books, prints, recordings, concert experiences, merchandise further advertising my favorites who need to earn a living so I can consume more....outweighs that shelled out for housing or food or drugs (whether alcohol is included or not).

My previous Deviation, a fantasy titled Punk Rock, is a rarity for me: a change of topic and venue from the less fun subject matter most usually pressing my cortex.

Desperately riding this wave before the trough arrives as a near-vertical drop, I would like to do what ostensibly the whole point of buying a black t-shirt with a word or two and a skull on it achieves and mention in a public space just who and what inspired those words.

Please note this is figurative and not literal - no direct correlation exists. Certainly not that it couldn't or wouldn't, it just didn't and doesn't. (Some sentences are more fun to write than others.)

Tara Busch releases her music under the moniker I Speak Machine. Horror fans may recall seeing her name on the rolling credits on the film Jakob's Wife for the soundtrack. Her usual topic of discussion mirrors mine, from an even more first-person perspective. I have close to twelve thousand followers on BlueSky, mainly because of deliberate searches on political grounds, but the very first persons I connected with were the ones I remembered from memory after getting removed from Threads, Instagram, and LinkedIn in the same forty-eight-hour period after Trump's inauguration. Though my activities on the network send a torrent of different faces through my feeds (I am not a fourth degree black belt user of any site, including this one), she and her collaborator (which works in this sentence because the person I am mentioning is a male - though it would be the technically correct word to use if it were not, Oxford) Maf Lewis were among the first connections I established, as well as Jordan Krall, C V Hunt, and Andersen Prunty, all of whom turned me back into a little kid with starstruck eyes briefly. It is completely possible, if not horrifically likely, that she might be offended by my opinion that the videos following establish her as a rock'n'roll sex goddess of Olympian - classic and timeless - stature. Unfortunately, there is nothing I can do about this, as it is my honest inspiration from her work. If anyone out there is unsure what fucking gorgeous and jaw-dropping, near-painfully hot is defined as, let these be your introduction:

EAT YOU ALIVE by I SPEAK MACHINE (Vinyl - Digital - T-Shirt)

BRING ME THE GIRL - I Speak Machine

The Metal of My Hell by I SPEAK MACHINE [OFFICIAL VIDEO]

Ruined Me by I SPEAK MACHINE [OFFICIAL VIDEO]

The Darts (US) make music that my brain tells me is nostalgic, but so much better. When I was a teenager, Bettie Page bangs and black hair dye were very much a trend in San Antonio. They still are, if you're my age and cool. If they were a local band, I guarantee you I would be one of their exes and a third of their catalogue would be fuck you references to me. This has nothing to do with my fitness as a potential life partner for any length of time. Songs about fantastic, loving, lasting relationships do not rock, not remotely, no they do not, and never will. That is what this article is about....in case I Speak Machine didn't fully inundate your consciousness with the required information for elucidation; this is what fucking sexy is when it is intentionally on the prowl for victims who are just too easy and amazingly have survived to this point with both eyes and all four limbs:

The Darts (US) - "Every Night Is Halloween" on Now Dig This LYRIC VIDEO - YouTube

The Darts (US) - "Pour Another" (Official Video)

The Darts (US) - Full Performance (Live on KEXP) - YouTube

The Darts - "Zombies on the Metro" (Now Dig This TV Show Ep. 14 performance)

At this point, if you don't know, you ain't never gonna....

The preceding was not compensated publicity by anyone mentioned - even The Prophet Obblonge. Besides a few assuredly forgotten comments back and forth on social media accounts, none of these women know I exist. After this is published, I am prophetically confident this will not change.

Bonus for reading this far:

Death Drive - Don't Hide